

THE TROY HERALD.

WEEKLY PUBLISHED BY

TROY, N. Y. MISSOURI.

Single Blessedness.

My wife has gone away for the summer, and left me in full charge of the house. I like it; haven't had such a run of liberty since we were married. I hope she's having a good time, for I can now exercise my rights as the head of the family. Can't do it when she's at home; she'll not stand it. She has rules, and makes everybody about her toe the mark. But I've got her now, and am having things my own way.

This morning I came home quite early. It was 3 A. M. I'd been to the club and got caught up in the rain. For half an hour I couldn't find the key-hole, which must have got mislaid. I felt for it every where, an even got down into the yard and examined every brick, but couldn't find it. I was in the act of calling one of my neighbors, and asking him who had carried off my front door, when I happened to find it and got into the house.

In the dark I kicked over a spittoon, but luckily didn't get any of the tobacco juice on my boots. I hung my overcoat and umbrella on a prong of the chandelier, let them drip on the parlor carpet, went up stairs, and turned in with my boots on. I thought it wasn't worth while to pull them off, as I would have to get up in eight or ten hours anyhow. If my wife had been at home she'd have had me looking an hour for the boot-jack, and I would have lost that amount of rest, which my system so much needed. Besides, she'd have made me give a full account of myself, which I don't like to do. I never did believe in praising myself. It's better to let others speak of one's virtues. I can now wear a shirt and it's nobody's business. I don't see how I ever did get along with that woman. The idea of having to put on a clean shirt, black my boots, and brush up my clothes every morning, is simply ridiculous. It is a miracle to me how I ever did attend to my other affairs. I now read the morning paper without being forced to see an impatient woman standing with her dress in one hand, looking very miserable, and finally telling me she is going down town and wants that paper.

Any one to look at the house now, would know there's no woman about, everything is so quiet and comfortable and handy. If I want to do a little figuring I don't have to hunt up a pencil, or pen and ink, but I just sit down to one of the tables and do it with my finger, and there's nobody to be eternally wielding a dusty brush around my bed and telling me to get out of the way until the house is cleaned up. These are considerations that every married man should ponder over. But when we do ponder and resolve, what good does it do? That's the question which is now agitating the American people. What good does it do? Not a bit. If these women can't have everything their own way, they swoon off into hysterics. As a consequence, we have to pay a fifty dollar doctor's bill, and stay in the house all day, fanning them and promising in the end that "we may be happy yet," before they show any disposition to compromise. Our wives are petted too much. And this reminds me that mine won't yield to any other treatment. I undertake to prescribe a more stringent remedy for her one day, but I threw her into a fit more like Jim-Jams than anything I know of. She broke every plate in the house over my head and then I had to kiss her before she would promise not to do it again. That's what makes me say she is set in her ways.

There, too, are the piano and guitar, which she kept going from morning until midnight, filling the whole neighborhood with discordant sounds which she called music. Both are as mute as the bird cage which was vacated last week by a strategic movement of the cat.

The 200 pots of flowers she left me to cultivate I don't think will produce much of a crop. They're nearly all ripe now and there's no sign of a flower yet. I have watered them twice since she left, but it did no good. I reckon they miss her and are pining away because she ain't here. In this respect they do not resemble me to any alarming extent.

Our kitchen never looked better. The stove and the pipe have assumed a beautiful red tint, and the pots are bringing forth a fine crop of white looking vegetable mold, which I haven't learned the name of, but shall know it when she comes. The dishes don't look quite as bright and clean as they might, but the flies are bad this year, and if I were to wash them every two weeks they wouldn't present a respectable appearance.

Notice to the Editor.—Please suppress that article I sent you about my Spell of Single Blessedness. The old woman has got back.—Ez.

Ringed Hogs.

The tools needed are an awl, pincers, wire adapted to the size and age of the hog, and a small, stout rope, say ten feet long. Previous to commencing, the wires must be cut, one end filed down a little, and if not thoroughly malleable, be made so by heating and throwing into cold water. The hogs must be in a small enclosure where there is a tree or a post. Catch the animal by the ear, your partner at the same time being ready with the rope duly noosed, which he is to slip into the pig's mouth the moment it is opened—and it will not fail to be opened the moment that the swine finds that he can't pull his ear off, or run away with the man who has hold of it. A hand on each ear will generally be necessary to balance and steady the head; hence the absurdity of saying—as one writer does—that one man can ring a hog. Slip the noose into the cavity where the corn goes, over the upper jaw and back beyond the tusks; then draw tight, pull at the rope, wind the loose end around the post or tree, and let go the ears. Then the chief workman, awl in hand, gets astride the animal, inserts the awl rather deeply into the gristle of the squealer's nose, withdraws it, and inserts the wire, the small or sharpened end first. When it is in a proper distance the ends are bent over a id twisted a little with the fingers, and the twisting is concluded with the pincers, the awl being put inside the ring and forward of

the nose, so that the twist shall be upon the wire itself, and not on the nose. This completes the ringing, except to turn up the twisted point of the ring. The "boss" steps to the side of the animal, whose power of lungs has all the while been subject to the healthiest kind of exercise, takes an ear in each hand, pulls the hog forward a trifle, so as to loosen the strain on the rope, the assistant slips the noose from the upper jaw, and his hogship is at liberty in a moment, and rushes to his brethren for consolation, or to show his new ornamental appendage—which, is not as positively known yet as some other things are.—Our Country Gentleman.

The Shah's Call Upon the Queen.

After a day's rest the Shah went to Windsor Castle and called on the Queen. What that suggests to the reader's mind is this: That the Shah took a hand satchel and an umbrella, called a cab, and said he wanted to go to the Paddington station; that when he arrived there the driver charged him sixpence too much, and he paid it rather than have trouble; that he tried now to buy a ticket, and was answered by a ticket seller as surly as a hotel clerk that he was not selling tickets or the train yet; that he finally got his ticket, and was beguiled of his satchel by a railway porter at once, who put it into a first-class carriage and got a sixpence, which the company forbids him to receive; that presently when the guard (or conductor) of the train came along the Shah slipped a shilling into his hand and said he wanted to smoke, and straightway the guard signified that it was all right; that when the Shah arrived at Windsor Castle he rung the bell, and when the "girl came to the door, asked her if the Queen was at home, and she left him standing in the hall and went to see; that by and by she returned and said would he please sit down in the front room and Mrs. Guelph would be down directly; that he hung his hat on the hat-rack, stood his umbrella up in the corner, entered the front room and sat down on a hair-cloth chair; that he waited and waited and got tired; that he got up and examined the old piano, the depressing lithographs on the walls, and the album of photographs of faded country relatives on the center-table, and was just about to fall back on the family Bible when the Queen entered briskly and begged him to sit down, and apologized for keeping him waiting, but she had just got a new girl, and everything was upside down, and so forth and so on; but how are the family, and when did he arrive, and how long should he stay, and why didn't he bring his wife. I knew that that was the picture which would spring up in the American reader's mind when it was said the Shah went to visit the Queen, because that was the picture which the announcement suggested to my mind. But it was far from the facts, very far. Nothing could be further. In truth, these people made as much of a to do over a mere friendly call as anybody else would over a conflagration. There were special railway trains for the occasion; there was a general muster of princes and dukes to go along, each one occupying room 40; there were regiments of cavalry to clear the way; railway stations were turned into flower gardens, sheltered with flags and all manner of gaudy splendor; there were multitudes of people to look on over the heads of interminable ranks of policemen standing shoulder to shoulder and facing front; there was braying of music and booming of cannon. All that fuss in sober truth over a mere off-hand friendly call. Imagine what it would have been if he had brought another shirt and was going to stay a month.—London Cor. N. Y. Herald.

The Genius of the Lobster.

Some profound observer of natural history says that, when a lobster shakes hands with you, you always know when it takes hold, and are exceedingly pleased when it gets done. They have small features, and lay no claim to good looks. When they locomote, they resemble a small boy shuffling off in his father's boots. They are backward, very. They even go ahead backward. They occasionally have a row like other people, and, in the melee, sometimes lose a member, but have a faculty of growing out another. The process is patented both in this country and Europe, which accounts for its not coming into more general use with the human lobster, so to speak. A lobster never comes on shore unless he is carried there by force. They are afflicted with but one disease, and that is boils. There is more real genuine excitement in harpooning a whale, or in having the measles, than there is in catching lobsters. The fisherman provides himself with a small hencoop, and has therein, as enticements, several dead fish. He then rows his boat to the lobster-ground (which is water), and sinks his coop to the bottom, anchors it to a small buoy (one from eight to ten years old will do), and then goes home; when he feels like it again, say in the course of a week or two, he goes back and pulls up his poultry house, and, if he has good success, he will find the game in the coop. As an article of food, the real goodness of lobster is in the pith. Very few persons relish the skin; and physicians say it is hard to digest. We therefore take the lobster and boil it until it is ready to eat. Nothing is better for colds than boiled lobsters. It will bring on a case when cucumbers have failed. For a sudden case, we advise them crumbled in milk. Eaten at the proper time and in proper quantities, lobsters stand second to no fruit known.

—For Muffins, take 2 quarts of flour, 6 eggs, quart of fresh sweet milk boiled and cooled, 1 table-spoonful of lard or butter, 1 of a teaspoonful of soda sifted in the flour. Rub the lard into the flour, and make into a batter with one cup of yeast and the milk; put the whole to rise into a bucket or crock that has a top. Made at night, the muffins will be ready to bake for breakfast; or made in the morning, they will be ready for supper. Bake in muffin-rings.

—The Chinese have been reorganizing their army, which now numbers 300,000 men, armed with Enfield, Remington, and Colt's rifles, with a full equipment of rifled artillery.

—President Thiers' physical corpulency has not been impaired by the loss of a fat office. He is said to be looking fine, stout, and healthy.

Sitting for a Photograph.

Having a photograph taken is one of the great events of a man's life. The chief desire is to look the very best, and on the success of the picture hinges, in many cases, the most important epochs in life. To work up a proper appearance time enough is used which, if devoted to catching fleas for their phosphorus, would cancel the entire national debt and establish a New York daily paper. When you have completed your toilet you go to the gallery and force yourself into a nonchalance of expression that is too absurd for anything. Then you take the chair, spread your legs carefully, appropriate a calm and very indifferent look, and commence to perspire. An attenuated man with a pale face, long hair and a soiled nose now comes out of a cavern and adjusts the camera. Then he gets back of you and tells you to sit back as far as you can in the chair, and that it has a remarkable backward spring. After getting you back till your spine interferes with the chair itself, he shoves your head into a pair of ice-tongs, and dashes at the camera again. Here, with a piece of discolored velvet over his head, he bombards you in this manner: "Your chin out a little, please." The chin is protruded. "That's nicely; now a little more." The chin advances again, and the pomade commences to melt and start for freedom. Then he comes back to you and slaps one of your hands on your leg in such a position as to give you the appearance of trying to lift it over your head. The other is turned under itself, and has become so sweaty that you begin to fear that it will stick there permanently. A new stream of pomade finds its way out, and starts downward. Then he shakes your head in the tongs till it settles right, and says it looks like rain, and puts your chin out again, and punches out your chest, and says he does not know what the poor are to do next winter unless there is a radical change in affairs, and then takes the top of your head in one hand and your chin in the other, and gives your neck a wrench that would earn any other man a prominent position in a new hospital. Then he runs his hand through your hair and scratches your scalp and steps back to the camera and the injured velvet for another look. By this time the sweat and pomade have started out. The whites of your eyes show unpleasantly, and your whole body feels as if it had been visited by an enormous camp, and another and much bigger one was momentarily expected. Then he points at something for you to look at, tells you to look cheerful and composed, and snatches away the velvet, and pulls out his watch. When he gets tired, and you feel as if there was but very little left in the world to live for, he restores the velvet, says it is an unfavorable day for a picture, but he hopes for the best, and immediately disappears in his den. Then you get up and stretch yourself, slap on your hat, and immediately sneak home, feeling mean, humble and altogether too wretched for description. The first friend who sees the picture says he can see enough resemblance to make certain it is you, but you have tried to look too formal to be natural and graceful.—Danbury News.

What is Catgut?

Some inquiring mind has started the question, "What is Catgut?" The *Shoe and Leather Reporter* thus answers:—"For many years the only article used under this name was the intestines of sheep cut and twisted. As the Italian sheep are the leanest of those accessible to market, and as the membranes of lean animals are known to be tougher than those of animals in high condition, the best catgut has come from Naples and that vicinity. "There is no historical record concerning the use of the intestines of cats for strings of this sort, but from the fact that the name from the earliest time has uniformly been applied to this article, it would appear altogether probable that the strings did first come or were supposed to come, from that source. The chief use of catgut for many years was for the strings of harps and guitars; it was manufactured from the viscera of sheep. The membranes of smaller animals are sometimes used for the covering of whips and such purposes, but sheep still furnish the strings for musical instruments. The process of preparing is quite curious: The membranes are ordinarily exposed to the power of burning sulphur, and then salt and twisted into cords of different sizes, as wanted. They are then dyed, stretched on frames, and dried in a very high temperature. Musical strings, whip cords, hatter's cords, strings of clocks, etc., are the chief uses on the list."

The Longest Balloon Voyages.

November 7, 1838, the celebrated English aeronaut, Charles Green, accompanied by Monck Mason and Robert Holland, left London in a balloon, and, after passing over a considerable part of five kingdoms, landed the next morning near Wulburg, in the Duchy of Nassau. The time occupied in the journey was eighteen hours, and the distance traveled upwards of five hundred British miles. The greatest height attained in this voyage was 12,000 feet. In 1849, Arban, a French balloonist, made the passage of the Alps, going from Marseilles to Turin, four hundred miles, in eight hours. "Le Geant," M. Nadar's great balloon, ascended from Paris, October 18, 1863, with nine passengers, and descended the next morning in a gale of wind, near Nienburg, Hanover, having traversed seven hundred and fifty miles in seventeen hours. The descent was of a perilous character, and several persons were injured by jumping from the car. The balloon arose to an altitude of 15,000 feet.

The thirtieth balloon to leave Paris, during the siege was the "Ville d'Orleans," which contained Paul Roller and M. Dra-champs. It ascended November 24, 1870, at 11:45 at night, and at one o'clock the next day, descended in Norway, having traversed land and sea for a distance of eight hundred miles.

September 21, 1867, Garnerin made a night ascent from Paris, and was carried to Mount Tonnerro in a storm, a distance of three hundred miles.

July 2, 1869, Professor John Wise made a balloon voyage from St. Louis to the upper part of Jefferson County, New York, traveling a distance of eleven hundred and fifty-six miles in nineteen hours and twenty minutes. This was the longest balloon voyage ever made.

Phrenological Specimen.

Some time ago we mentioned that we had received a photograph of a couple of curious potatoes, raised in Oregon. They were shaped like a man and a boy. The same person, it seems, sent to the *Tribune* office a photograph of a turnip which looked as much as possible like an Indian's head. This photograph was taken by some wag in the office, unbeknown to the editors, and sent to Fowler & Wells, the famous phrenologists in Broadway, having first been labeled as follows: "Photograph of the head of Minnewau-go, an Oregon chief, who was killed on the Upper Columbia, July 8th, 1850, and his head preserved by Dr. W. B. Pettit."

A few days afterward, as Mr. Greeley was going down Broadway, he saw the photograph in the Phrenologists' window, with the above label on it, and the following added: "Phrenological features—moral developments small, the most prominent being generosity or benevolence—firmness, secretiveness, destructiveness and combativeness large—showing the true Indian character," &c. Horace laughed out loud. He went in. "Wells," said he, "where did you get that photograph?"

"It was sent here from your office—I feel much obliged to you for it, as it is an excellent aboriginal head."

"Original, you mean," said Horace. "Why that's a photograph of an Oregon turnip sent to me by a friend of mine as a curiosity. I left it in my sanctum a few days since, and some of our boys have been fooling you, Wells!"

It was now Wells' turn to laugh, but he screwed up his mouth in a way that showed he did not relish the joke exactly. It is unnecessary to add that the "head of Minnewau-go" was taken out of the show-window at once.—N. Y. Tribune.

July is an imperial month. Its pure heat, if it had no other dominating quality, exacts the respect always rendered to power, though we yield even that kind of respect under very emphatic protest. But it is the midsummer month, and our semi-tropic agricultural products require the heat it brings, or the ground they occupy might be sown with tares or left unplowed. Nature, however, has decreed that July shall rule the temperate zone with equatorial influences, and the subjects of our latitude have no alternative—they must obey. But the law of compensation, at least, mitigates our repugnance to absolute obedience. During this month we are vouchsafed the satisfaction of looking upon external nature in the fullness of her productive agency, while the devices of civilization have supplied us with the means of modifying the torrid rigor of the time.

CALIFORNIA'S BIGGEST NUGGET.—How much we owe to California! Her precious metals have enriched thousands of our fellow citizens, and have proved the main stay of America in times of national pecuniary embarrassment. Her mining industries have given employment to myriads of mechanics and laborers. She is the land of promise to the fortune seeker. But the Golden State has lately sent us a new treasure. Her last nugget is Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS. The health-giving principles contained in this curative are a more precious boon than gold. In all affections of the liver and stomach, remittent and intermittent fevers, rheumatism, and pulmonary diseases, it may be relied upon. As a blood purifier and invigorant it is unequalled, purifying the circulation and infusing new vigor into the debilitated frame. It conquers that most unyielding of all complaints—dyspepsia, and we know of no other remedy that can accomplish this. Its entire freedom from alcoholic spirit, which retards and neutralizes the effect of any medicine, and which forms the basis of many of the pseudo bitters and tonics, doubly enhances its value to the sick. The papers of the United States vie with one another in doing honor to Dr. Walker. We, too, add our voice, and say all honor to the man whose science and skill have enabled him to draw from the vegetable kingdom such a balsam for human suffering.

The steamship *Atlantio*, after having successfully encountered violent storms, was wrecked when almost in sight of the harbor she was seeking. Many a man has acquired a fortune by patient industry, and lost it at the last, leaving his family destitute. It follows that every man should insure his life. Life insurance affords absolute protection to the family. Be careful to select a good company, one that you can always depend upon. The New York Life Insurance Company offers every inducement to insurers, having assets amounting to \$22,000,000, and every desirable form of policy. Full particulars can be had by addressing the home office at 46 and 348 Broadway, New York, or by calling on one of their agents. Good agents wanted everywhere.

Cholera and Pain-Killer.—This unparalleled preparation is receiving more testimonials of its wonderful efficacy in removing pains, than any other medicine ever offered to the public. And these testimonials come from persons of every degree of intelligence, and every rank of life. Physicians of the first respectability, and perfectly conversant with the nature of diseases and remedies, recommend this as one of the most effectual in the line of preparations for the cure of Cholera, Cholera Morbus and kindred bowel troubles now so common among the people.

To BRUAK up Colds, Fevers, Inflammation and Bilious Attacks, take a full cathartic dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets when the attack first comes on, and follow with two or three Pellets each day until a perfect cure is effected. They cure these cases by arousing all the secretions, relieving obstructions, thus reducing the action of the heart, relieving the congested blood-vessels, softening the pulse, producing gentle perspiration, and subduing the heat and fever. Twenty-five cents a vial, by all Druggists.

Farmers' Fourth of July. The masterly address of S. M. Smith, Secretary of the Illinois State Farmers' Association, delivered at Pontiac, Illinois, on the 4th of July, has been published as an 8-page document by J. W. Dean, room 6, Tribune building, Chicago. Price, single copy, 2 cents; 10 copies, 15 cents; 100 copies, 75 cents; 1,000 copies, \$5.00.

A FACT worth remembering.—Five cents worth of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powder*, given to a horse twice a week, will save double that amount in grain, and the horse will be fatter, sleeker, and every way worth more money than though he did not have them.

KING OF THE BLOOD. CANCEROUS TUMORS. Case.—It is with pleasure I write, in behalf of my mother, who has been taking your medicine, KING OF THE BLOOD, for a tumor, and can say she is most entirely cured. She has taken four bottles of the medicine. The tumor was as large as a goose egg when she commenced. It is now only about the size of a grain of corn, and rapidly disappearing. She has doctor-dosed hundreds of dollars away without benefit, until using your medicine, for which we shall always be thankful, and can recommend the KING OF THE BLOOD to any one needing it. My mother's name is Sarah Dulin. Yours respectfully, SARAH MCNINIS, Kenton, Ohio. Write for circulars to D. Hanson, Son & Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CHILLS AND FEVER can only be cured by a removal of the cause. Shallenbarger's Pills do this instantly, and vigorous health is sure to follow.

To Drive Impurities from the Blood use Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sanguiferine, a remedy that stimulates the absorbents, and imparts vigor to the whole system.

THE LITTLE CORPORAL.—"Life on an Island," a new story by Helen C. Weeks, is begun in the July number, and those who read the opening chapter will be sure to want the remainder of the serial. "Hidden Treasure," by Mary A. Denison, is continued in this number, and there are also several short interesting original stories, poems, etc. The terms of the *Little Corporal* are \$1.50 a year, and in addition to the handsome magazine you will get two beautiful chromos. Extra inducements are offered for clubs. Sixty cents will secure a canvassing outfit, including both chromos. Address JOHN E. MILLAR, Publisher, 104 Randolph street, Chicago.

"It strikes us that the Milwaukee Monthly for July looks a little proud of its elegant and new dress and many improvements, but then it has a right to. Its reading matter is original and fully up to the standard of that published in Eastern magazines of three or four times its price. An educational department added this month will hereafter be a feature of the book. Its stories are charming and its shorter articles pointed and reasonable. Only \$1 a year and specimen copies sent free on receipt of a stamp. Splendid premiums or a cash commission paid to all who get up clubs. Address, T. J. Gilmore, Milwaukee, Wis."

WHAT NEXT?—The July number is out, and furnishes a most excellent array of contents. Its merits well entitle it to the extraordinary success which it has attained,—a circulation, the publisher announces, of 50,000 copies, though only seventeen months old. Terms, 40 cents a year with a very beautiful chromo, "Walth of the Woods" to each subscriber. Cash pay to those who raise clubs. Specimen, three cents. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

Suggestions for Summer. It is of great importance that the system should be in a vigorous condition when the hot weather commences. The effects of a high temperature upon an enfeebled frame are always more or less disastrous. The loss of substance and the declension of nervous power, occasioned by excessive heat, can only be compensated by the active, healthful, and regular exercise of all the bodily functions by which the waste of nature is replenished and the vital energies renewed. The great utility of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a means of toning, invigorating and regulating the organs of the body, is universally acknowledged. As a tonic it stimulates the flagging appetite and accelerates digestion; as a corrective it neutralizes acidity of the stomach and relieves flatulency; as an alterative and mild aperient it regulates the liver and the bowels; as an anodyne it promotes tranquil sleep; as a wholesome stimulant it imparts firmness and elasticity to the relaxed and trembling nerves, and as a blood depurant it purifies the vital stream. The value of such a specific to the weak and debilitated is beyond all estimate. To invalids wilted down by the sultry heat of mid-summer, it is as refreshing and vitalizing as the cool night dew to the sun-scorched brow. Composed of vegetable elements only with a basis of pure diffusive stimulant, it is as safe and palatable as well as medicinal. In fever and ague districts, and wherever the natural elements are conducive to epidemic disease, it is considered the best safeguard against malarious infection, and the speediest remedy for intermittent and remittent fevers.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 17, 1873.		
BEEF CATTLE	51.00 @ 52.50
HOGS—Live	5.25 @ 5.35
..... Dressed	4.75 @ 4.85
SHEEP—Live	4.00 @ 4.10
COTTON—Middling	30.00 @ 32.00
..... Good to Choice	40.00 @ 42.00
WHEAT—Spring No. 3	1.45 @ 1.47
CORN—Western Mixed	40.00 @ 50.00
OATS—Western	4.00 @ 4.25
RYE—Western	75 @ 80
PORK—Mess, New	17.50 @ 17.75
LARD	9 @ 9.25
CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Choice	5.50 @ 5.60
..... Good	5.20 @ 5.40
..... Fair Grades	4.75 @ 5.20
HOGS—Live	3.75 @ 4.00
..... Medium	3.75 @ 4.00
SHEEP—Live	4.00 @ 4.20
..... Good to Choice	3.75 @ 4.75
FLOUR—White Winter Extra	7.50 @ 9.50
..... Spring Extra	6.00 @ 7.25
GRAIN—Wheat—Spring No. 3	1.35 @ 1.38
..... No. 2	1.15 @ 1.18
CORN—No. 3	3.00 @ 3.25
..... No. 2	25 @ 28
OATS—No. 3	50 @ 55
..... No. 2	45 @ 50
BARLEY—No. 3	40 @ 45
..... No. 2	40 @ 45
LARD	8 @ 8.25
PORK—Mess, New	15.50 @ 16.00
BUTTER—Choice	18 @ 20
EGGS—Fresh	12 1/2 @ 14
CINCINNATI.		
FLOUR—Family	6.75 @ 7.00
WHEAT—Red	1.40 @ 1.42
CORN—New	40 @ 45
OATS—New	24 @ 25
BARLEY	40 @ 45
COTTON—Middling	18 @ 19 1/2
LARD	8 1/2 @ 8 3/4
PORK—Mess, New	16.75 @ 17.00
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling	18 1/2 @ 19
BEEF CATTLE—Choice	5.25 @ 5.50
HOGS—Live	4.00 @ 4.20
..... Good to Prime	4.25 @ 4.50
FLOUR—XX	6.75 @ 7.25
WHEAT—Winter	1.50 @ 1.60
CORN—No. 2, Mixed	7 @ 7.25
OATS—No. 2	32 @ 34
RYE—No. 2	60 @ 65
BARLEY—No. 2	40 @ 45
PORK—Mess, New	16.50 @ 16.75
LARD	7 1/2 @ 8
WOOL—Tub-washed	47 @ 48
..... Un-washed	37 @ 38
MEMPHIS.		
COTTON—Middling	18 1/2 @ 19 1/2
FLOUR—Family	6.00 @ 6.25
CORN—New	40 @ 45
OATS—New	22 @ 23
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—Choice and Family	8.00 @ 9.50
CORN—Mixed	45 @ 50
OATS	45 @ 50
HAY—Choice	27.00 @ 28.00
PORK—Mess	17.50 @ 17.80
BACON—Sides	1.00 @ 1.15
SUGAR—Fair	8 1/2 @ 9 1/2
MOLASSES—Light	20 @ 22
COTTON—Middling	18 @ 19